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A BOOK OF



BY A. CARTER.

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THE
BLIND MAN'S THOUGHTS:
POEMS.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!

—*Samson Agonistes.*

—— with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me.

—*Paradise Lost.*

BY AMORY[✓] CARTER. °
"

WORCESTER, MASS.
1878.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE following lines were mostly composed after the author's loss of sight. They are here gathered together, with a few others, and presented as an offering of friendship and affection to those who have kindly taken an interest in them, and in the author in his severe affliction.

It gives me pleasure to introduce these unpretending stanzas to the public. To the author's own circle of friends, they need no introduction or commendation. They are verses of the heart, the fruit of lonely hours and self-communings, the product of a laborious, but thoughtful life, of a mind "looking before and after."

D. F. L.

Worcester, June, 1878.



THE HOMESTEAD REVIEW.

Our native town that gave us birth,
Should e'er be held as precious earth ;
Though other towns our life did share,
Our tend'rest thoughts are centered there.

On that fond mother's bosom lie,
The faded hopes of years gone by,
The hopes, all buoyant, gay and bright,
Are now all faded into night.

The honest hearts of that plain people,
Filled their church without a steeple ;
And hymns were sung and prayers were said,
And tears of joy were often shed.

No *ist* or *ism* had then arose,
To mar the sacred day's repose ;
The town would meet with one accord,
To worship and to praise the Lord.

Each neighbor had his neighbor's care,
And joy and sorrow all did share ;
Nor thought I at that happy time,
In darkness I should make this rhyme.

In fancy and in thought we've come,
To view our early happy home,
And fancy knows no change of face,
And hence we see the self-same place.

'Twas here in childhood's happy day,
We used like lambs to skip and play,
And spend our more leisure hours,
Among the Spring and Autumn flowers.

The little dog sits by the door,
And yelps to welcome friends of yore ;
And pussy, on the window sill,
Keeps guard and watch both mute and still.

We yonder see the grazing herds,
And there we hear the merry birds ;
Old Bob 'o'lincoln, o'er the spray,
And chattering Mavis, 'cross the way.

And there is piggy in the pen ;
And in the yard the clucking hen,
With little chicks all skipping round,
While biddy scratches up the ground.

There's goosey, with her little brood ;
And gander, in a hissing mood ;
And turkey, with her usual "put,"
And gobbler, with his martial strut.

And there we see the lofty sweep,
With finger pointing to the deep,
Which to the thirsty seems to tell,
There's nectar in the sunken well.

And here, stood little Daisy Dell,
The bossy calf we loved so well ;
And there, old goosey used to try
To learn her fledglings how to fly.

In that little corner nook
We used to sit and watch the brook,
Whose ruffled bosom truly said,
I'm flowing o'er a rocky bed.

And here in summer's golden light
We used to long regale the sight,
While rainbow colors seemed to play,
And diamonds sparkled in the spray.

And down in yonder little dell
We used to seek the Lily bell,
And climb o'er Honeysuckle ridge,
To reach and cross the foot-path bridge.

That little bird with injured wing
Excites our pity, O poor thing !
But when from her young we're led astray,
She cries "peewit," and flies away.

But hark, o'er yonder hilly ground
We hear the roaring of the hound ;
And from that little copse of brush
Out leaps old Reynard with a rush.

And running round, and round, and back,
To leave the hound a crooked track,
He skips it up on yonder hill,
And seats himself both mute and still.

And looking back to see the hound,
He laughs to see the fool go round ;
But when he finds a straighten'd track,
Old Reynard takes another tack.

And running round that little hill,
He makes a track more crooked still ;
Then bounding into yonder wood,
The hound might catch him if he could.

That meadow with its shaky bogs,
And pools of spawn and pollywogs,
Has still a right in time and space,
And forms a part of nature's face.

This field, now carpeted with green,
In summer knew the scythe was keen ;
For on its surface thickly lay
The sweetly scented new mown hay.

And here we find the field of hops,
Much valued of the farming crops ;
Yet still they claim too large a share
Of labor and of constant care.

But picking was a pleasant time,
And must be done while in their prime ;
And lively work it was to pick,
But taper fingers did it quick.

A rustic here might reign a prince,
And subject dames would never wince ;
And beauty mingled with the din,
Of pleasure 'round the picking bin.

The stubble fields of grain are shorn,
But still we hear the rustling corn ;
And also hear the lowing kine,
That on the stalks so fain would dine.

The squirrel on the Butt'nut tree,
Still chatters forth his merry glee ;
While watching for the nuts to fall,
And nicely hide them in the wall.

From yonder wood comes, *tum, tum, tum,*
The partridge on his log doth drum ;
And nearer by, with less ado,
We hear the old Cuckoo, *cuckoo.*

A little farther on, we see
A hole pecked in the apple tree,
And in that wooden cosey nest
Four little birdlings safely rest.

And in the orchard thickly spread,
Are apples, yellow, white and red ;
And on the trees are plainly seen,
The Russet and Rhode Island Green.

The Baldwin with its ruddy hue,
And Pippins too we had a few ;
But Hubbardston we had "none-such,"
And smaller fruit we had too much.

The Maiden's Blush was rather shy,
As also was the Northern Spy ;
Yet still we had the Pudding Sweet,
And many others good to eat.

The cherry tree of olden time,
With nimble limbs we used to climb ;
And though we knew the name by heart,
We thought the fruit was rather tart.

The currants by the garden walk
Were often picked 'mid pleasure's talk ;
And peaches with their blushing cheeks,
Were often shy for many weeks.

The berries had their home abroad,
And there by stealthiness and fraud ;
At home we had the juicy pear,
And they at times were rather rare.

Now, hist ! no whisper, all keep mum,
The while I name the luscious plum,
Like every good it had its foe,
Pestiferous curculio.

We also had the fragrant quince,
Its golden hue might tempt a prince ;
And ladies thought it no abuse
To fit it for the table use.

These luscious fruits with finger tips,
We often pressed between the lips ;
And princes might with pleasure share
The appetites we sated there.

And now we'll tread the olden way,
That led us homeward day by day,
And in the ground, beside the path,
We'll bury all our youthful wrath.

Though oft too full our sorrow's cup,
Yet now the earth shall drink it up ;
Let every angry thought now cease,
That this poor heart may die in peace.

There on that little rounded knoll,
We children used to often stroll ;
And when we had the time to spare,
Would build our castles in the air.

'Twas there our fancy's wings were fledged ;
'Twas there our youthful vows were pledged
To friendship, in our early life,
Ere manhood called us to the strife.

And now, as oft we were before,
We're seated by the old house door,
And think how often were the times,
We listened to the evening chimes.

And o'er the wood the hazy light
Would herald in the queen of night ;
And when the evening chimes were still,
We listened to the Whip-poor-will.

The frog would peep, the toad would purr,
And robber birds were on the stir ;
This one would screech and that would hoot,
But chick was safe, and hen, to boot.

And summer had no such levee,
The wind was still in every tree ;
Except when nature cried aloud
From lightning in the thunder cloud.

Yet August had her nightly court,
And crickets had their fill of sport ;
And when the cricket's mate was hid
The tune was changed to *Katy-did*.

When first I heard that *yart, yart, yart*,
My hair did rise and I did start,
And while I had my twilight run,
Old Katy-did had laugh and fun.

The toad upon the Apple tree
Was highly pleased the fun to see,
And while my steps were quick and light,
He blew his trump with all his might.

But legs were good and I got home,
Much less inclined abroad to roam ;
But youth will soon abate its fears,
And these old foes 'came friends for years.

We also had our harvest moon,
With husking frolics night and noon ;
And dancing had its proper time,
But kissing does not suit my rhyme.

About this time appeared old Toots,
With leather shoes but minus boots ;
Our mothers' did the leggins knit,
That round our shoes did tightly fit.

Old Toots would now his bellows blow,
And hurl about the sleet and snow ;
But we were sheltered near the hearth,
In that old house that gave us birth.

The forestick on the andirons lay,
The back log in its place would stay,
And kindling, neatly laid between,
Would tempt the fire whose eye was keen.

Then high above, the pile we'd raise
To make a warm and cozy blaze ;
Then 'round the hearth we all would sit,
To keep us from the cold and wet.

But Tootses bellows blew so strong,
We could not here endure it long ;
For while the fire our shins would toast,
With cold our backs would ache the most.

Then turning 'round, and 'round, and 'round,
No lasting peace could there be found ;
And having where to lay our heads,
We soon were nestled in our beds.

And here another trouble 'rose,
The snow was drifting on our nose !
And looking up, there at our backs,
The snow was blowing through the cracks.

But nature had her vested rights,
And first of all was sleep o' nights ;
Soon we were wrapt in sweet repose,
While snow was sifting on our nose.

But time will always bring relief
To every sorrow and its grief ;
And we stepped out on life's highway,
And here we are again to-day.

This scene is all from memory's shelf ;
Quite well I know it all myself ;
'Tis all from thought and from the mind,
For, gentle reader, *I am blind*.

And now, my early home, adieu !
I ne'er again the scene shall view ;
I'm falt'ring down the hill of time,
In hopes to find a better clime.

"Then let me not stand and shiver,
By the cold and chilly river ;
Let the boatman from that shore,
Come soon and row me safely o'er."

REMINISCENCES OF SCHOOL LIFE.

The country school is dear to me,
In darkness I can see it now ;
'Twas there I learned my A B C,
Before I learned to milk the cow.

In that low house all painted red,
Away up on the gravel hill,
I used to sit, and scratch my head,
And wait to know the teacher's will.

'Twas there I learned my a-b, ab,
And i-b, ib, to spell and know,
And listen to much other gab,
That I might live and wiser grow.

And happy was that happy day,
I know it all,—'twas long ago,—
The falling blossoms strewed my way,
From off the trees where apples grow.

And from the branches o'er my head
The blossoms then did thickly fall,
And sweet the odor then they shed,—
E'en now I seem to see it all.

The road would lead me by the place
Where once there stood an old corn mill,
And I would baffle time and space,
To reach the school house on the hill.

The noon was all our own to play,
And that was only one short hour.
Our bread and cheese we'd stow away,
And then were ready for a tour.

But I would often stray alone
Down by the school house crystal spring,
And there would build with turf and stone
A dam, in form like half a ring.

And then the water from the spring
Into the pond would slowly run,
And I would sit and watch the thing,
That I might have some sport and fun.

And when the pond had got so full—
If left alone 'twould run astray,—
Away the turf and stone I'd pull,
And have a broken dam display.

'Twas there I learned *three* points of law,
And the first was gravitation.
And neither had a crack or flaw,
E'en the one they called percussion.

The one of value for its use
Is scarcely known at this late day.—
Surveyors' brains are too obtuse,
To learn why water runs away.

Then, when the teacher's rap-rap-rap,
Would shake the windows, and the glass,
My feet would run, and hands would clap,
To keep at the head of my class.

Then on that lengthy oaken seat,
With oaken bench all stout before,
I'd sit, and gaze, and rest my feet,
Or rake and sprawl them on the floor.

Our teacher was no city belle,
I thought her treatment was quite fair,
Unless I did some *story* tell,
And then she'd slightly pull my hair.

With love and fear I'd meet her gaze,
And truly try to do quite well,
And ever after had her praise,
But where *she's* gone, I cannot tell.

And now there came a sudden change,—
No more the summer school for me.
And I confess it was quite strange,
That I a servant then should be.

My schoolmates now would all go by
The place where I was doomed to stay,
And work and work,—I knew not why,
While they all had their school and play.

But Time would drag itself along,
And winter school would now begin,—
But I was not among the throng
While apples lay within the bin.

For all the cider I must grind,
And scrape the pomace with my hand,
Nor could a *given* time then find
To make my footprints in the sand.

The school had kept two weeks, or three,
Before I entered through the door,
And then there was no place for me,
Ah ! well, it had been so before.

And then I was three weeks behind ;
To me, a rather ugly score,—
But nature was to me most kind,—
I made it up, and that much more.

And then of course I was the fool,
And wiser ones would laugh and grin ;
But when 'twas changed to *first* in school,
The grinners,—well,—they did not grin.

At noon there was no play for me,
To scud, and run, I must, straight home,
The cattle and the hogs, you see,
Were waiting there, for me to come.

Then I would eat brown bread and cheese,
And *sometimes* had some apple sauce ;
And now I had the time to squeeze
To be there with my reading class.

For I had learned to read and spell,
And do some other things, in spite
Of all the trouble that befell,—
But then I had not learned to write.

I sometimes took another's pen,
And picked up paper from the floor,
And made a letter now and then,
And sometimes would make two, or more.

The teacher caught me at it once,
Then my heart did quake with fear.
He did not censure such a dunce,—
Instead, I got both hope and cheer.

With voice all trembling, soft and low,
I asked to have a writing book.
The way I got it was quite slow,
And little was the pains they took.

Four sheets of paper, all fools cap,
With face unruled, all white and clean,
With purple cover. What a trap !
The sugar loaf was stripped, I ween.

Upon the desk the book I laid,
Together with the gray goose quill ;
And in my seat I meekly stayed,
And sat up primly, straight, and still.

And when the writing books came round,
My heart would jump, and jump, and jump :
For on the pile my book was found,
And came upon my desk *ca-thump*.

And then I heard the teacher tell
About the doings of this elf :
“ Had he known he'd write so well,
He would have found a book himself.”

And still I had a rival there,
A cousin ever just and true.
We then did equal honors share,
The reason why we never knew.

And now I was about fifteen,
Quite able to take care of myself ;
Although they thought it rather mean,
I chose to labor then for pelf.

And fifty dollars I could have
To stay, and do my master's will,
And tho' I thought it rather grave,
I chose to stay, and did my pockets fill.

But when the winter months came round
I did not choose to be a fool.
Another boarding place I found,
Where I could stay and go to school.

The school, away off could I see,
It stood alone beside the hill,
A spacious one, with room for me,
Though only one seat did I fill.

How should I ever enter there,
When not a living soul I knew?
For all the school would at me stare,
And they were many,—not a few.

I well remember now that one
Who came and took me by the hand.
“Would I walk in,” he said. ’Twas done.—
I then was in a foreign land.

“First Class will read,” the teacher said,
And then “First Class” did all arise.
And was it true what then I said,
That girl would make a noble prize?

And did I dream? or did she read?
I almost now can hear that voice.
I was her "friend," she after said,
And that was purely from her choice.

And when it came my turn to read
The school was hushed,—'twas all suspense,—
And almost then my heart did bleed,
My feelings then were so intense.

I was not long a stranger youth ;
For manliness will make its way.
And ever will a life of truth
Make friends and friendships day by day.

Although the winter then was cold,
My happy heart did keep me warm,
And honor bright did make me bold,
I did not quail before the storm.

And double-quick would keep me warm,
And shorten much the lengthy way,
Unless amid the wind and storm
I did the proper gallant play.

But happy days will have their night,
For they cannot forever stay,
And my bright sun had shed its light,
And I must now go on my way.

And now that stately rustic queen,
She also had her rustic king,
And never I'd be low or mean,
I would not do an ugly thing.

That parting kiss my cheek did burn,
Throughout that long and sleepless night,
For we our backs that night did turn,
And ne'er again e'er came in sight.

That episode of my school life,
Now in a golden halo set,
Will cheer me thro' this darksome strife,
Till death shall be in honor met.

CHRISTMAS.

We hail the night that wakes the coming dawn
Of natal day :—of Him who loves to pet and fawn
The lambs that skip and frolic 'round the fold ;—
To Him more precious than the purest gold.

We hail the night that watched the brilliant star
That shone o'er Bethlehem's verdant hills afar ;
And hail the shepherds that with wakeful eyes
Beheld the glories of those gilded skies.

Come thou bright bird of paradise and sing,
While pois'd aloft on zephyr's gentle wing ;
And while the children list to hear thy voice,
Thy song shall make their tender hearts rejoice.

Sing thou the song that angels deigned to sing,
Of peace, good will,—the joy they're sure to bring ;
And while we list to hear the noble song,
We'll join the carol, and thy notes prolong.

Then hail the day that gave the Saviour birth ;—
That brought glad tidings to a moaning earth,
Let millions join,—their voices shout all hail !
The jubilee that ne'er on earth shall fail.

Let all the nations high their voices raise,
And breathe aloud a glorious shout of praise ;—
Commemorate, and bless the day that gave
A fallen race a ransom from the grave.

Let children smile, and shout a joyful lay,
And children's children greet this welcome day ;
And all the earth, with glad and tuneful voice,
With angels join, and earth and heaven rejoice.

TO THE WORCESTER CITY GUARDS.

A citizen presents his best regards,
With compliments to the City Guards ;—
Prompt sentinels to guard the dying year,
That meets its death, in silence, without fear.

The year, so fleeting, now approaches death ;
And soon, at time's bidding, will give up its breath ;
Its pulse are now beating the slow march of time,
To enter the field of eternity's clime.

Ye have well guarded him during his youth,
Guard ye as well great eternity's truth,
And when you have marched to the top of the hill,
Keep stepping, and stepping, and never stand still.

The century, too, is marching to death,
And soon the old hero will breathe his last breath.
And mark the brave chieftain, how firm his tread,
As he marches to enter the home of the dead.

But hark ! hear you not the night herald sing,
As he soars o'er the city with angelic wing,
Proclaiming " New year, and a century born,"
And bidding our Guardians to hail the new morn.

Then up my brave comrades, and quickly fall in.
Equip'd and ready the year's guard to begin,
And when the new year has completed its round,
May every good soldier at his post then be found.

SOLAR SYSTEMS IN THE UNIVERSE.

Whene'er I view the star-deck'd sky,
And think those stars are worlds on high,
It minds me of the Prince of love,
Who rules that train of worlds above.

How vast the scene !—immense the power,
That holds those orbs through ever hour !
That moves them in their solemn train,
And through eternity their place retain.

Not ours alone hath sun of fire,
But other systems tune their lyre
To join in universal praise,
When we the general anthem raise.

Our spheres, attracted 'round their sun,
While satellites around them run,
Are not unlike those other spheres,
Whose suns complete their solar years.

A thousand systems track their way,
And measure out their yearly day,
And each, and all, their courses run,
Around a greater, heav'nly sun.

Infinitude hath wrought all this
To usher in a heav'n of bliss ;
And millions worship 'round His throne,
And give their praise to God alone.

TO FRIENDS OF DEWEY STREET CHAPEL.

Accept kind friends this pledge of mine,
(I know it's neither bread nor wine,)
Which may perhaps contain in part,
The feelings of a kindly heart.

To be alone was my young life,
And long I've lived in labor's strife ;
For other's use my life is spent,
And now in age I live content.

But thanks to "nature's kindly law,"
'Midst genial friends my breath I draw ;
Who, as life's motley path they go,
All feel the pain of other's woe.

I oft did tune the sacred song,
And weekly meet the happy throng,
And chant the songs of harp and lyre,
But now no place for me the choir.

My faltering step doth deem me old,
At sixty-two, (my age all told,)
Yet still I live, and feel, and love,
And would be harmless as a dove.

I would not feel the sting of hate,
To haunt me in the rock of fate ;
But when to death a prey I fall,
I'd leave behind my love to all.

Then please accept this pledge of mine,
'Tis true in every word and line,
My friendship here to all I give,
Unchanged forever while I live.

LINES FOR A SOCIAL RE-UNION.

We'er met again, as Christian friends,
On each our happiness depends ;
Let us pledge our hand and heart,
That all will act a friendly part.

'Tis pleasant here our friends to see,
But better still a friend to be ;
Then let us now the past review,
A truer friendship to renew.

Re-union—'tis a pleasant sound,
When hearts united all abound,
When kindness shall never cease,
And angry words are hushed to peace.

Re-union—yes, we'll all unite,
And form the bond in sacred rite,
And now and here, this pledge we give :
The sacred bond shall always live.

These little hearts with pulses quick
Like golden clocks with hasty tick,
Require of us an extra share
Of kindness, and thought and care.

Then let us watch their sport and play,
And guide their footsteps lest they stray,
And teach them in the days of youth
That friendship is the way of truth.

Let angels from the worlds above
Descend with vials full of love,
And pour the sacred treasure 'round,
That our love may more abound.

And thus increase the heavenly store,
That loving hearts exist the more,
And angels listen while we sing :
"Give honor to our heavenly King."

GOLDEN WEDDING OF ASA SAWYER & WIFE.

A friend, though absent, would now greet
The friends who round this hearthstone meet ;
Restrained by duties far away,
I meet by proxy here to-day.

May friendship's blessings richly flow
On these aged pilgrims here below,
And as they falter down the hill,
Kind friends their cup of joy shall fill.

My mental vision sees but few
Of those whom early friendships knew ;
Their warmest friends of early life,
When they were joined as man and wife.

And then of those we used to meet ;
Behold ! how many a vacant seat ;
Would they could be but here to-night,
To thrill our hearts with joy's delight.

And then those jewels of their love,
That now in temples dwell above ;
To me they also were most dear ;
Nor chide me if I drop a tear.

Yet this is life,—we wake and sleep—
We labor much—we laugh and weep—
We live to-day—to-morrow die—
So peaceful in the grave to lie.

Yet absent friends you all I greet,
I would I could now with you meet ;
But since 'tis mine at home to stay,
I wish you all a joyful day.

My life is wonderful to me ;
Nor can I see as others see ;
But still I live, and work, and wait,
To meet my friends at heaven's gate.

But if I live to reach that goal
For which I've striven with heart and soul ;
The living then shall know me true,—
And until then to all adieu.

LINES FOR A "POUND PARTY."

Citizens and friends, your attention we desire,
We've a little special business before you retire ;
We've a few little bills we wish to settle,
To do which we propose to now try your mettle.

Do not you be frightened, nor let your faces pale,
We're only going to offer some useful things for sale.
Then listen to the salesman and keep still your feet,
And for these useful articles all compete.

Our articles are varied,—quite different in size,—
Take well your heed, or loose the biggest prize ;
Not always the most valued the biggest you see,
Then trust well your judgment the worth there
may be.

The manner of sale may seem to you funny ;
Be sure you'll all get the worth of your money.
We need not tell you "we never mean to cheat,"
For do you not know "we'll never be beat."

Our goods are all put up in packages nice,
And marked in plain figures at honesty's price ;
Then try well their virtues, and if found impure,
Bring them back *unopened*, and your money is sure.

Now then to business, just listen a while,
And let your glad faces present us a smile ;
And when you have bidden, and bought all the
trash,
Just out with your wallets and down with the cash.

FAREWELL.

Kind friends accept these lines from me ;
I ne'er again your forms can see,
Yet still I love my friends to meet,
And here and now you all I greet.

My harp upon the willows hung,
Remains in silence all unstrung,
The heart once always tuned to sing,
No longer lisps while echoes spring.

I linger 'round the garden gate,
With ears alert and hope elate,
That I some well known voice may hear,
To drive away the unwelcome tear.

We little think how loved and dear
The voices are we daily hear,
So frequent is the time and place,
We meet and pass the smiling face.

I sit me in the livelong night,
Deprived of vision, lost to sight,
And think of those I used to meet,
And clasp the hand in friendship sweet.

No longer on the winding way
These eyes behold the light of day ;
The forms that used to meet me there,
And oft in social converse share.

My footprints in the sands are made,
And Time will leave me in the shade ;
My days are in the crimson leaf,
My life is shadowed o'er with grief.

But ere I tread the golden way,
That leads to happy, blissful day,
I would I could my friends once see ;
O, will they all remember me ?

If so, then I'll in silence wait,
'Till death shall ope the pearly gate,
And seek to find an entrance there,
With friends a happy home to share.

But, friends, I fear I've made you sad,
Much rather would I make you glad ;
Then I'll no more my sorrows tell,
But wish you all a *kind farewell*.

LAST AND LOST.

- On that last morn the sun rose bright,
And wrapt the world in mellow light,
And beauty spread her mantle 'round,
And joy was heard in every sound.

Resplendent on all nature lay
The light of that autumnal day,
And fragrance breathed on vale and hill,
And every tree was mute and still.

And, joy and gladness filled the heart,
When from the table we did part ;
Nor thought I when the home I passed,
That look on her would be my last.

With cheerful heart to work I sped,
Nor had one thought of fear or dread,
But, O that hour ! the fatal one !
My work on earth forever done.

The peal from that half loaded rock,
Gave a terrific powder shock,
And not unlike a bolt from heaven,
My head was torn, and eyes were riven.

Then quickly rising to my feet,
My hands and eyes were first to meet,
And oh ! the pressure of the mind,
Then, Oh ! my God ! I now am blind !

Through darkness then at midday led,
('Twere better far I had been dead,)
Bring sorrow to that happy home,
How could I thither ever come.

That peaceful, gentle, loving one,
Her hopes on earth forever done ;
Did all my woe and sorrow share,
And nursed me with most tender care.

But sorrow lingered day by day,
And health and mind then both gave way ;
The horrors of that dreadful night
No human mind can bring to light.

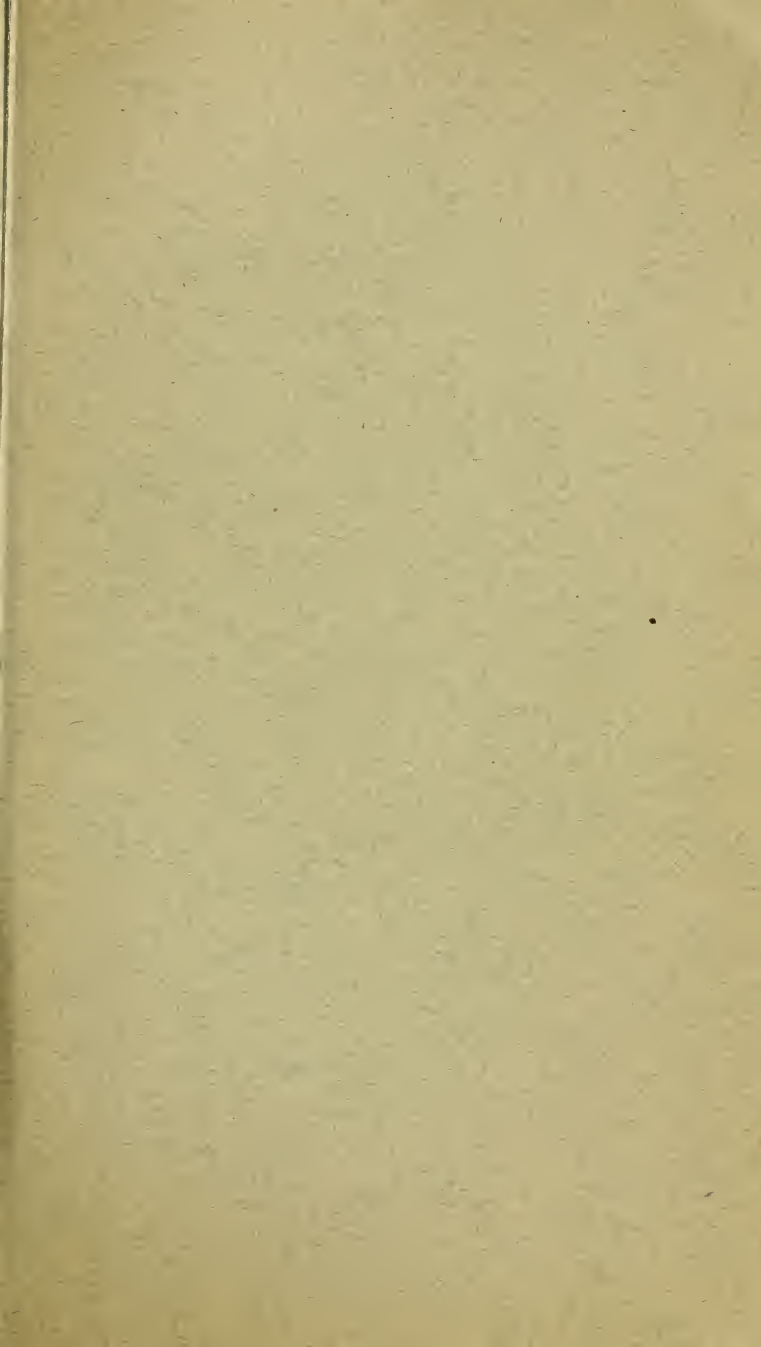
That mind so gentle, peaceful, mild,
Was now insane—in terror wild ;
With her alone I there did stay,
Nor knew when night was changed to day.

The days and hours did slowly wane,
While I was suffering woe and pain ;
And listening to that roving mind,
I sat there helpless, hopeless, blind.

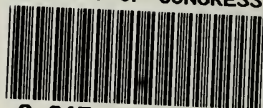
No pen nor tongue could tell that woe,
The heart and mind were all a-throe ;
But death relieved that suffering mind ;
And I am hopeless, helpless, blind.

The angels took her by the hand,
And led her to the spirit-land ;
And I am left to mourn and wait
Alone around the heavenly gate.

In neither world can I now see ;
The curtain will not lift for me ;
The angels now do pass me by,—
I'm left alone—I know not why.



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